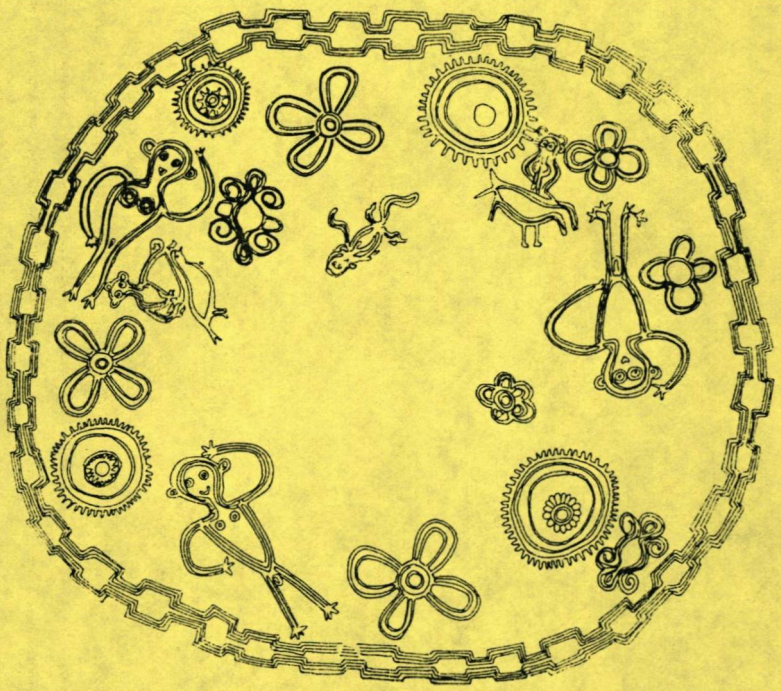
TL 946

State of War

the diary of Ines Serra Lopes
February 1993, East Timor



occasional reports no. 21

tapol

The Indonesia Human Rights Campaign

111 Northwood Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey CR7 8HW, UK

FOREWORD

Ines Serra Lopes is a Portuguese journalist, part of the team of journalists, allowed by the Indonesian authorities to "witness" the trial of Xanana Gusmao, leader of the Resistance in East Timor up to the time of his capture. The trial, which is against international law since Indonesia is in illegal occupation of the territory of East Timor, began on 1 February 1993 and is expected to last at least two months.

While various foreign observers have been allowed to attend the trial, their experience has been similar to that of Ms Lopes: heavy restrictions on movement and association, constant surveillance and limited access to the trial proper.

Ms Lopes' diary first appeared in the Lisbon weekly, *Independente*, on 19 February 1993.

The translation is by Joan Oliveira.

TAPOL, March 1993

STATE OF WAR

The Diary of Ines Serra Lopes in East Timor
3 - 10 February 1993

Wednesday, 3 February

The beauty of the island is unforgettable, and the approach by air exceeded all expectations. Timor is the loveliest of places.

I arrived in Timor today. I came with Rui Moreira (Lusa, Brussels) from Jakarta. I landed at Dili airport inside the cockpit of the plane, beside an Indonesian pilot who, after spending 2 years in Luanda working for Taag, had acquired a considerable Portuguese vocabulary. The only subject which the pilots (there were two) would not talk about was politics. "I not like", said the one who spoke no Portuguese.

We were met at the airport by colleagues and authorities. We came straight to the Hotel Turismo. After a lunch of grilled fish, a long day began. They asked us to go to the Indonesian hotel, the Makhota, to be "introduced" (to report, in the original version) to the Indonesian who was to be responsible for us in Dili: Kosky Zakaria. Zakaria, was insistent: if you want to return for the end of Xanana's trial, then you must not write anything against Indonesia. You have to stick to the "facts". And be quite objective. At the end of the conversation, on that Wednesday afternoon, Kosky announced that perhaps we would have to leave the following Saturday, just three days away. Basically, what he was saying was that it all depended on our behaviour. We would have the chance to realise that he meant what he said.

On my return from the interview, Adelino Gomes was waiting for me. We went to the cathedral to the anniversary mass for Mnsgr. Ximenes Belo, Bishop of Dili. The cathedral was impressively full. Of sorrowful and poor faces. Then came the endless line of people wanting to greet the Bishop. Humble and barefooted, they kissed his hand and shyly congratulated him. Outside I heard the first cry for help: "...The people of Timor are suffering. We are just waiting for Portugal. Only Portugal can help us... All the Timorese people are going to die. When is Portugal coming?"

The tone and content (to which there was no answer) was to be repeated from the mouths of old and young, throughout the coming days in Timor. The key words, repeated again and again were: The Portuguese man (the "malae") will be coming soon. The "malae" did not come at the time of the "Lusitania Express". The "malae" did not come on a parliamentary delegation visit. But the Timorese wait and trust: the "malae" has to come.

He'll be here soon...I felt a knot in my throat, a shiver, when I heard the question and the insistence: the Portuguese man is coming. Isn't he?

Teresinha believes that the Portuguese are not coming. She emigrated to Australia and only came back to Dili to visit her family. She speaks perfect Portuguese, as did many people between the ages of 20 and 30 with whom we spoke. Teresinha does not want to talk about politics. She says that in Timor there are both good and bad things. She admits she would prefer to keep quiet about the bad things. Of the good things, she laughs and can only remember her family that she left behind.

Back at the hotel, we scarcely have time enough to go to our rooms. Xanana Gusmao's lawyer is waiting for us to have dinner. We go to the restaurant. Sudjono takes along his two assistants. It is a long conversation. Sudjono confirms that he was indicated to Xanana by the police, but that Xanana could have chosen any other lawyer from among the seven that the police proposed to him. I don't know if I believe this. The man seems to be sincere. But faces, in these parts, are almost impenetrable. There are two certainties: Sudjono knows very little about Timor and about the guerrillas. And we know nothing about the strategy of Xanana Gusmao's defence, except that, obviously, Sudjono knows that the Indonesian court is going to reject his objection on grounds of incompetence.

Sudjono is maintaining that, firstly, the anti-integrationist group to which Xanana belonged and in which he was accepted as leader, never recognised Indonesian sovereignty over the territory, formerly colonised by Portugal; secondly, until the present time, the international community, especially via the UN, has not recognised integration of East Timor; thirdly, that Xanana Gusmao's "activities" had begun before the facts described in the indictment, i.e., before 17 July 1976, the aim being not to attack Indonesia, but to achieve Timor's independence. The lawyer assures me he will appeal against the decision which will be given the following week. He also says he believes it very important for us to stay and hear the testimonies, above all that of Xanana himself.
I think so too.

Thursday, 4 February

There is no trial session today. I am staying in Dili, even though a group of Portuguese journalists are going to visit Baucau. I want to try to make some contacts and to make up for the loss of time – two precious days – caused by the visa delay in Amsterdam.

Straight after breakfast Petrus Suryadi appears. He is an Indonesian journalist, "Europe correspondent", for the Jakarta daily "Suara Pembaruan". He lives in Holland and used his considerable influence to get many of us over here, through his friend in Lisbon, Nuno Rocha, who untiringly helped us to get entry permits. As well as being a journalist, Petrus Suryadi is a strong man of the Indonesian regime. His sister is married to one of Jakarta's most powerful generals. With even more power and one more star on his shoulder than the well-known Armed Forces' spokesman, Brig. Gen. Nurhadi Purwosaputro, the famous General Nurhadi to whom we all turned when the visas threatened not to be forthcoming.

I could not have felt worse seeing Suryadi this morning, just when I thought I could have a walk around on my own, to see and to hear.

Worse was to come, however: Petrus announced that I had to report to Zakaria, my inquisitor of the previous evening. Suryadi asked me what I would like to see. Off the top of my head, I said what seemed the most innocent – the Dili market place. When we arrived, I told Suryadi that it would be best to leave the car and driver and go in on foot. Petrus Suryadi did not agree. He ordered the driver to drive on into the market. Desperately sounding the horn, through narrow pedestrian paths. And I was feeling so bad, from on high, behind the smoked coloured windows of the jeep. I forced him to stop, and said I would continue on foot. Petrus followed me and tried to make me go back to the jeep. I refused. To the relief of both of us, we left there for the Hotel Makhota, to meet up with Kosky. Even Kosky was preferable to visiting the market in a jeep.

The Makhota is the Indonesian hotel par excellence, made by the Indonesians for the Indonesians. All prior advice we had received recommended us not to stay there. Even with the 50 per cent discount the hotel had offered us. At the Makhota, nobody is there just by chance: in the lobby there are at least half a dozen informers and Intel (Indonesian intelligence) agents. In the front garden, hidden among the trees and foliage, live the spies who, day and night, watch the comings and goings of the road to the hotel and the Dili diocese, just right next to it.

I went up to the first floor, with Suryadi, to Kosky Zakaria's room/office, where I had been yesterday with Rui Moreira. The Ministry of Information's representative – who had been introduced to me the day before as the person responsible for security in Timor during the trial of Xanana Gusmao – unreeled his threats: no journalist would be allowed to return for the final week of the trial if s/he had been writing anything against Indonesia. Just as I had done the day before, I stuck to my ground: I repeated that I wanted facts and figures. The indictment, the objection and the translations of the penal code and penal procedures code. I said I was going to the court, to speak to one of the judges. Kosky Zakaria said I could and, without realising my surprise, wrote a letter, on government-headed paper, "ordering" the court through his spokesman, Judge Hitzbullah, to grant me trial documents. We parted and I went off to the Dili court, escorted by Petrus Suryadi.

Hitzbullah is an Indonesian judge, of medium height, with a moustache and friendly appearance. He received us, listened to Suryadi attentively and smiled effusively. Then, more serious, he read the letter, and said no. A determined no, not very moslem. A convinced no, which an hour of arguing and a bit of shouting did not manage to reverse. In the middle of the conversation, Hitzbullah left the office to talk to the presiding judge and Petrus Suryadi went straight to the desk to look for the documents which the judge had refused me. A little later, Judge Hitzbullah, in almost non-existent English, offered his apology. It was nothing personal. I asked him how long he had been at the Dili court and, without waiting for the translation, he replied: 1986. "And how long do you expect to stay for now?" I kidded. He laughed and shrugged his shoulders. God, or the

Indonesian Minister of Justice would have to decide. But he would not hand over the trial documents. "I'm sorry", he repeated.

With a copy of the indictment under Suryadi's arm, we went to the Resende Hotel to look for Espedito, the supposed translator of the indictment, to whom Suryadi was doing me the favour of introducing. I refused his services, in spite of Espedito's excellent arguments in his own favour. He had little more than primary school. But, to compensate, he has got a brother with a Law degree! The osmosis of family knowledge did not convince me and I rejected Espedito and his translations.

Suryadi, visibly annoyed, left me at the hotel. He had to go to Jakarta. I breathed a sigh of relief and left on foot. I passed by the Bishop's house, but D. Ximenes was not in and the reception was, to say the least, cold. I left a message saying that I would be back. After a very long walk around the bay, I finally arrived at the Motael church. I was received by an employee, whose welcome made the previous one at the Bishop's house seem like it had been warm and intimate! None of the priests was in, and he did not know where they were.

I went back to the diocese, the Ecclesiastic Tribunal. I crossed through the muddy side entrance, by the low wall (which encircles the whole block) looking right on to the spies in the next street – where the Makhota Hotel is. No priest was in there either. Through the kitchen window, two old employees, who only spoke the local dialect Tetun, discouraged me from waiting. I left the diocese and saw the taxi driver, who had been following me since I had left the hotel on foot over an hour before. I gave in to tiredness and to the young driver's persistence and, indicating that I surrendered, got into the car. I asked him where we were going. He didn't understand – he didn't speak Portuguese. I repeated in English. He, who had been following me, ought to know where it was that I wanted to and could go.

The driver thought he understood: I was a tourist and wanted him to show me the sights of the city. He took me inside Dili, showed me the police headquarters, where Xanana was supposedly being held. He showed me the market, open 24 hours a day. It was a far more wild market than the one Suryadi had taken me to hours before. He took me to the house of the Osorio family, where the former leader was captured. Afterwards, inevitably, to the Santa Cruz cemetery. When he finally understood that I was a "wartawan" (journalist), he refused to stop at the cemetery so I could take photos and we suddenly started back for the hotel. On the way he explained that, if the "others" were to see him, he would be arrested. With his hand hidden from the view from the street, he made the international sign for fear.

Once again I left the hotel on foot. I met a young boy scout, carrying books. He spoke to me in Portuguese and accompanied me as far as the Ecclesiastic Tribunal. Father Jose Antonio Costa wasn't in. Neither, apparently, was Father Leao. I could feel the stares of the informers on my back as I left. My companion apologised. I could not be walking around the streets of Dili as a foreigner, especially a journalist, and more especially being Portuguese. One of the spies followed behind the boy scout. Another overtook me, half

turning around. He said "boa tarde" (good afternoon) to confirm that I was Portuguese, then disappeared around the next corner, only to appear again later. I decided to go back and try one more time: the priest was having a nap. I sat down on the veranda that joins the two diocesan buildings. Three old and honest tables, each with four chairs, all in the shade. I decided not to move from there before speaking to the Vicar-General, Father Jose Antonio.

While I waited, I thought about a talk I'd had a few hours earlier, in another place enveloped by the stares paid by Indonesia. Amid a lion's mane of hair and a somewhat frightening face, a gentle smile appeared when I said who I was. "We knew you were coming", said the dark little lion, hidden behind a column of an old Dili building. He told me how life was in the bush, where he had been until the month before. Far from the adventures one imagines, life in the mountains is spent in holes, very near the villages, sometimes inside the villages themselves, too near the Indonesians. In holes dug in the ground, inside and outside houses, watched by the people who, in turn, are watched by Indonesia.

I showed him news from the previous day's **Diario de Noticias**. The headline read that Ma'Huno, Xanana Gusmao's substitute in the leadership of the guerrilla, would give himself up within the next two months. The article had been based on statements made by the governor, Abilio Osorio. That was clear in the article, but the Timorese did not want to read more. With eyes filled with tears, he replied: "Lies! Lies! Lies!" I tried to explain that they were just the governor's statements. He was deaf to my words and repeated: "Lies!" He did not read on. He told me about his brother who had been "caught", and about whom there was now no news. He told me that in his village, when the soldiers hear that a certain Manuel is working for the resistance, they arrest, interrogate and torture all the Manuels, until they find the Manuel they are looking for. Many confess to deeds they know nothing of. Many die. "It's better to die for Timor", said the young man, like one who is explaining the inexplicable.

Father Jose Antonio awoke and received me in the same cane chairs. Cautious, he confirmed only what he could. He spoke a lot about the Timorese Church and teaching in Timor. Portuguese which, until a few years ago, had been the language in which the young Timorese were taught, right from their first year at primary school, had been banned by Indonesia. Portuguese became the language of the Resistance, and of the anti-integrationists. Jose Antonio Costa is just another Timorese priest who knows the regime and prefers not to talk about it. Later on, I would be told the story of a seminarist in Baucau, who started to teach his classes in Portuguese. When leaving after the first lesson, the seminarist was called by the Indonesian police. "He was left with a disfigured face", they told me. The lessons in Portuguese ended that very same day... When I interviewed the governor, Abilio Osorio, I told him the story. He did not even try to deny it, and insinuated with malice: "It couldn't only have been on account of the Portuguese..." Why such words, when the Bishop of Dili publicly affirms that torture is routinely used in Timor?

When Timorese start speaking to us in English so as to pretend they do not know how to speak the language detested by the Suharto regime...; when the Governor insinuates that torture is justified...; when all this happens, we are left with no doubts whatsoever: we are not in the 27th province of Indonesia. We are in East Timor, the territory occupied 17 years ago by Indonesia's force and violence.

Friday, 5 February

In court in the morning, Xanana enters covering his face with his hand. He remains like this almost throughout the hearing.

A walk through Dili, with a carefully chosen itinerary, led to contact with someone who says he is in the resistance. He brought messages, communiques from the National Council of Maubere Resistance (CNRM), introducing himself as the new spokesman for the CNRM and for his leader, Ma'Huno. He goes by the name of Corthe (taken from the initial letters in a phrase which, in English, means "reasoning elevates all men") and we talked for hours. We asked many intense questions. The replies were plausible. We had to be sure. A further meeting was arranged for the next day, in a conveniently public

place. Then we would see. The greatest risk was falling into an Indonesian ambush. You can't play games with these people.

On our way back to the hotel, over a dozen taxis refused to stop. Finally, one does. He speaks Portuguese, as usual, and says his name is Martinho. He asks if we are reporters. Whether we already know about the situation in Timor. On arrival at the hotel he looks through his wallet, saying that he has something for us. He doesn't find what he wants and suggests he delivers it the following day. At what time? As we had planned to go to the 6 am mass at the Cathedral, we tell him he could come and pick us up before six and take us to the Cathedral.

It has been quite a day, and the weariness is beginning to tell. But the day is not over yet. Henri Sobroto, yet another "journalist" which the Indonesian government sends to us as a "guide", calls a meeting with all of us Portuguese. The evening before, we had asked our "colleague" Sobroto to request the government to allow us to extend our stay. This would be the only way we could get to be present at a little of Xanana Gusmao's real trial. Until today, the sessions had only been procedural formalities. We insisted on the need to hear the witnesses and Xanana Gusmao himself. On orders from above, the visas, originally for 28 days, had all been transformed into 10-day permits. The first of us to arrive could now only stay until the Monday.

With a formal tone, Sobroto called the meeting and announced that our stay could not be extended. In fact, all to the contrary – the Portuguese journalists would have to leave Dili and Indonesia in a few hours time, the following morning. Only one or two of us, as yet not named, would be allowed to stay on. We asked what the reason for the expulsion was. The answer was immediate: bad behaviour, both written and spoken, against

Indonesia. We quickly came to the conclusion that the ones chosen to stay ought to accept that choice, and there should be no question of solidarity with the others leaving. It was more important that at least someone was staying in Dili. We calculated that the choice would be one of the televisions, one of the radios, or the Lusa news agency.

The hotel bill was paid. Some packed their suitcases. Around 3 am, General Nurhadi, Armed Forces' spokesman, called the hotel from Jakarta, stating that there had been some mistake, that no one would be expelled. Five minutes later, my old acquaintance Kosky Zakaria appeared, giving apologies, explaining that it had been nothing more than "crossed wires", and that we could all stay in Dili for the agreed 10 days. Good night.

Saturday, 6 February

I leave for the 6 o'clock mass alone and late. The taxi driver Martinho was waiting for me, as we had agreed, with engine running. He stops in front of the hotel the moment I come down the stairs. I get in and ask him to go quickly to the Cathedral. Martinho seems to be making a point of driving at a snail's pace. He asks about my colleague Adelino Gomes, with me the previous day. He wants to know whether we now have information, whether we have already been contacted. I do not like the conversation. I ask him to hurry up, and say that I have neither contacts nor information, and do not know what he is talking about. I remind him that yesterday he had said he had something to hand over to us. The driver becomes silent. I don't know exactly what I'm sorry about. Could it be that, yesterday, one of us said too much? I don't want to be afraid. I realise that we are travelling in the opposite direction to the cathedral. Irritatingly insistent, he once again asks about our contacts. I order him to stop the car. He carries on. He ignores me and then comes out with: "The clandestine network wants a meeting with you tonight". I tell him that I want no part of any meeting or clandestine network. I want him to stop the car. I want to go to the cathedral. I want to hit him.

My insults have no effect. I am taken through streets in Dili which I don't recognise, far from the cathedral. I get the impression that we are almost on the outskirts of the city. I see two soldiers on the next corner and, at that moment, the sight of them is actually a relief to me. I open the door and say I'm getting out of the moving car. The soldiers look at us and the driver stops near them. I leave the car, slamming the door behind me. I had spent 40 minutes being driven around Dili. I get another taxi. He turns left in order to turn back. At the end of the street I see my taxi driver. He is talking through the window with a face I recognise: one of the diocese spies, with his lettuce-green T-shirt. I breathe a sigh of relief. The cathedral is empty and mass finished long ago. I return to the hotel. I've missed my meeting. I get a phone call; another meeting is set. Once again, I cannot go with the group. I need anti-biotics as I have a sore throat – just as well, I'll tell less lies. I have a rest.

The phone calls start at breakfast time: reporters from Associated Press and other agencies, and some newspapers, are looking for confirmation – were we expelled or not? A dispatch from Antara (Indonesian news agency) says that, not only were we not

expelled, but that some of us had wanted to bring forward our departure date. The lie exceeds the limits, even in a hypocritical diplomatic perspective. The worst thing though, is that all past experience discourages making any statement to Indonesian journalists. In fact the headlines in today's "Voice of Timor" are about our expulsion, and we did not give them the story. I just make a short statement to AP.

Once again, the meeting fails to happen. But I am told about Maria. She is Timorese. She needs money. She has to have various surgical operations. She had been with the resistance and was arrested. She had sewn up her trousers, as she had been advised, only unsewing them once a day when she was alone. She went around unnoticed for a while, but her day arrived. She was repeatedly raped, in different ways. However, the final, merciless blow came when she was raped with a branch of a tree. Only God knows why he didn't let her die then. She is alive, and trying to reconstruct, through different surgery, what is left after the violence, the rest of her body, torn in pieces. Her belly has been cut and stitched together, and is to be re-cut and re-stitched, in an attempt to repair what the insane and unstoppable violence tried to destroy. Maria says it was God who spared her.

I try to find Corthe, the CNRM spokesman we met yesterday. It's impossible, and I cannot carry on now. I will just have to wait for a while.

Sunday, 7 February

D. Ximenes Belo said mass at 6 am, in the gardens of his residence. Hundreds (maybe thousands?) have squashed themselves into the rooms, down the stairs, into the gardens. It is a sung mass. There is still the sensation that, just as all the other masses in Timor, this is also a mass for the souls of the dead. The only difference is that here, at the end, their names remain a secret.

Suddenly, during the mass, dozens of bicycle bells are heard. I don't know whether it is on purpose but, at the same time, the governor of Timor and his staff of several dozen people pass happily in front of the garden where the prayers are being said. They noisily ring the bells of their bicycles as they go. The praying Timorese don't even look around. No one seems to hear. They are used to being provoked. A visit to the Motael Church at the time of the mass, said in Bahasa Indonesia, puzzles us somewhat.

The Indonesian Catholics there appear, after all, as devout as the Timorese. It is true, however, that there are far fewer spies around when this mass is over and people are leaving. It is also true that here the faithful are well dressed, and come and go in jeeps of the latest model. But it is also here that a family persuades a little child of three or four years old to come over and give me a picture of Jesus Christ in the countryside, without any message at all.

After a visit to the Santa Cruz cemetery, at which police and troops stopped us from taking any photographs, we went to yet another mass at the cathedral. In between the church visits, we had time enough for a short and illuminating talk with a young Timorese

on the Areia Branca beach. He introduced himself as a teacher, and spoke very quietly. Regarding the situation of the Timorese, he said "Our silence says it all." He asked us to pretend we had been speaking in English to him and, as he left us, said in a good loud voice "Bye Bye" (in English).

Monday, 8 February

We went up to Ermera, the old city, on the top of the mountain. There we met Domingos Soares, a 41-year-old priest, who does not hide the fact that the Indonesians do not like him. He explains that the occupiers tried to kill the people of Ermera, moving the town from the mountain top down to the valley, where the still rain waters, the heat and the paludism would exterminate the population. He suggests that this particular battle was won by the people who, in spite of being forced on several occasions to go down to the new city, would return up the mountain to their old houses to sleep. Now, it seems that little more than some businesses are working down in the torrid valley of pre-fabricated houses.

The mountain, in the Ermera zone, is beautiful. The magnificent view and the coffee trees that line the road under the mountain are really breathtaking. There is cassava, and incredible vegetation framing the way up the mountainside. Sometimes I have to try hard so as not to forget we are in Timor. On our way down, back to Dili, we stop briefly in a village of just a few houses called Rai Lako. To my surprise, the first person I approach to speak to asks me in good Portuguese whether we are Portuguese. He shies away at the sight of our guide – a Timorese working for the Indonesians, which is obvious a mile away.

A woman comes forward with her son in her arms for a photograph. I took her to be the man's wife. Only later, through someone in the local resistance, I would find out that her husband has been missing since the 12 November massacre. The man in the village with her was her father, who for security reasons won't be identified. He has already been arrested, interrogated and tortured many times. So many times that now he says no more than "good afternoon" to me. Two tall, good-looking Timorese men approach from across the road. They speak very good Portuguese and, in contrast to the old embittered man, they want to talk. I ask one of them his name. The conversation is quick, and always under the watchful eye of our esteemed guide, Mr. Soares who has to submit a daily report on our comings and goings and contacts. I take note of the name the Timorese, but only later, once back in the car, do I realise that he said his name was Domingos da Silva Soares – the name of the priest with whom we had just spoken up in Ermera. Timor is like that!

Tuesday, 9 February

I am thinking about Francisco, my most recent Timorese friend. I would like to be with him now, in the cemetery, to attend the funeral of his 6-year-old son. But my friend

almost cried yesterday when I told him of my intention. "Please, don't go to the funeral!". This is because being Portuguese in Timor, and being seen next to a Timorese, could easily be reason enough to lead to interrogations, and to put someone's life at risk.

Later on, I have the good fortune to meet two remarkable people, about whom I can only say just that – that they are remarkable. For about an hour we spoke together very quietly – someone is always on guard at the window, watching outside. They are witnesses to the Santa Cruz massacre. Speaking softly, one of them described how the bodies of the young people were dragged along to uncovered trucks, some dead, and others only God knows if they were still alive. She confides that it is true, the bodies are in Tibar, a valley on the other side of the mountains, in front of which the Pope, John Paul II, prayed with the Timorese. It is not possible to go there. There is a detour in the road leading to Ermera, but the troops do not allow anyone to go that way. And, above the mounds that are common graves, next to a stream, five military posts, situated up on the neighbouring mountains, are watching day and night for anything that moves.

Later that same day, I heard the most complete version of the massacre. After taking the bodies away from the cemetery, battalions of soldiers took away the young people who had been in the demonstration. Using the same system of uncovered trucks, they transported hundreds of Timorese to Tibar, on the night of 12/13 November. There they shot them in cold blood. The young people were seen in Comoro, sitting in the trucks escorted by the army troops. They numbered around 300, in addition to those who had already lost their lives in the cemetery itself, at least 180. I was told about what was said in confidence by a remorseful Indonesian official, who was unable to sleep, had lost his peace of mind and conscience, and who had still not managed to get transferred away from Dili, away from the nightmare that pursued him.

Another witness recalls that, the evening before, and during 12 November itself, the Timor radio station Loro Sae, controlled by the Javanese military, invited the young Timorese to join in the walk to place flowers in the cemetery. The Suharto regime seems to have been preparing to catch the resisters all in one go.

Wednesday, 10 February

It was by chance that we met once more with the CNRM spokesman, Corthe, in the presence of a sponsor to vouch for him. The sponsor was a reliable one, worthy of credit. Corthe was genuine. For hours Corthe and his companions told us about the days in Dili, stories about the mountain, the state of the resistance. They spoke about Xanana Gusmao, the plan to get him to New York last December to take part in the talks between Durao Barroso and Ali Alatas. They assured us that Bhoutros Ghali was not only aware of this intention but was sponsoring it. They said that Xanana let himself to be taken, precisely because he expected the UN Secretary General to intervene. They told how it had all happened, and who had given the information which led to Xanana's capture: a girl by the name of Moniz, the girlfriend of Jorge Araujo, Abilio Araujo's nephew. After Xanana's arrest, she went on to Jakarta and never came back. It had been her van that had been

used so many times by the guerrilla to carry guerrillas, provisions and messages back and forth.

One of those present explained and dissected the various phases through which the resistance has gone: the armed stage, the period of strength of clandestine movement, the current phase of the diplomatic struggle abroad, in which associations, support groups, etc. need to be encouraged to put pressure on the powerful countries. And he concluded, while Corthe lowered his eyes: "Here, now, we are just trying to survive. Just that."

After tense hours of murmured talk, Corthe and the others asked on behalf of Timor. They transmitted to us just one certainty: that without the international community and without Portugal, the days of Timor and the Timorese are numbered.

TAPOL Occasional Reports Series

No.1 Exchange of Messages with Fretilin commander Xanana Gusmao with Lord Avebury, chair Parliamentary Human Rights Group and Carmel Budiardjo, TAPOL Organising Secretary.

No.2 Joint Statement by Union of Democratic Timorese and Fretilin, March 1986.

No.3 Reactions from Indonesia to Transmigration Campaign. Indonesian press clippings reacting to the campaign by Survival International and TAPOL

No.4 Statement on East Timor to the UN Committee of 24, August 1986.

No.5 The 1987 Indonesian Election in East Timor. An analysis written by TAPOL.

No.6 TAPOL Statement on East Timor to the UN Committee of 24, August 1987

No.7 July 1987 Statement on the Joint Decision of the Chairman of the Supreme Court and Minister of Justice by IKADIN, the Indonesian Lawyers' Association.

No.8 World Bank maintains support for Transmigration Survival International and TAPOL write to World Bank, 22 January 1988.

No.9 TAPOL Statement on East Timor to the UN Committee of 24, August 1988

No.10 Open Letter to the World Bank on the Kedung Ombo dam

No.11 TAPOL Statement on East Timor to the UN Decolonisation Committee, August 1989

No.12 IGGI and Human Rights. Press coverage on IGGI Chairman Pronk visit to Indonesia. INFIGHT notes presented to Minister Pronk.

No.13 TAPOL statement to the UN Decolonisation Committee, August 1990

No.14 UN resolutions on East Timor, 1975–1982

No.15 Tapol statement to the UN Decolonisation Committee, August 1991

No.16 Freeport and the Tribal People, Sept 1991

No.17 The killing fields of East Timor: comment and analysis in the British press, Nov/Dec 1991

No.18 The Moi people against the loggers, Feb 1992

No.19 Tapol statement to the UN Decolonisation Committee, July 1992

No.20 Aceh: the Dirty War. Two Articles, Sept 1992

No.21 State of War: the diary of Ines Serra Lopes in East Timor, Feb 1993

Copies from TAPOL, £1 each (£1.50 outside UK)

111 Northwood Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey CR7 8HW, UK
Telephone 081 771 2904 Fax 081 653 0322 Email gn:tapol